He's a Good Fellow, Says Mr. Carnegie who Has Them All to Dinner-New Baby Named Florence Betta Hever and a Couple of Step-Grandnephews.

Andrew Carnegie held rather an odd dinner party in his big house at Ninetieth street and Fifth avenue last Sunday. It was a kird of a armi-family affair. That is, part f the family was there. For Mr. Carnegie was welcoming a new nephew-in-law in the person of James Hever, coachman and iding master, who married his niece, Miss Namey Carnegie, about a year (ago.

was a regular case of the rich girl and or mother's coachman with an elopement a marriage in New York on the side. the secret was so tightly kept that it ver leaked out at all until the couple urned on Sunday from a long honey-on abroad with a baby da shter Florence

a named for the mother's sisters, Mrs.

Perkins and Mrs. Oliver A. Rickelser.

Carnegie is reconciled to the match, happy about it. He says that Mr.

er is sober, moral and well doing, and d much rather have such a man in ally than "a worthless Duke." So Mrs. Carnegie met Mr. and Mrs. er at the pier last Sunday and took a home to their Fifth avenue house to her in state, and the fairy tale of Cin-lla with a reverse English came to a

appy close.

Miss Nancy Carnezie is the younger
aughter of Thomas Carnegie, brother of
the ironmaster. He died several years
go, leaving a fortune not exactly so large
Andrew's, but all that his widow and
didren could reasonably desire. He left

Hever is an Irishman. He is te athletic and good looking have a hypnotic way with horses. in England, he came to America rears ago. His past has sugges-romance about it. The story runs of romance about it. The story runs was left an orphan, and was brought a foster-child by an aristocratic of Dublin. His fortunes changing ally, he fell back on his knowledge as a means of livelihood. From the training he had acquired good to and an air of breeding which off from the other servants even the became a coachman.

he became a coachman,
was a riding master at Newport
he first saw Miss Nancy Carnegie,
as only a slip of a girl then, not yet
society. James Hever taught her

probably had something to do with e fact that James Hever became shortly terward master of Mrs. Carnegle's stables a ter of Mrs. Carnegie's staties The ironmster's sistyr-in-ns on a large scale, both in d at ter winter home in Fern-Heyer moved back and forth

Craegie grew up, and made her People called her an "out-of-doors one called her an "out-of-doors was strong, rosy, sturdy. Her ion was cross country riding, d to ride with her as groom, cances to marry well, they say, y; but she didn't seem to care y" or "society" men.

I of a sudden, Hever left the wally and found work as a riding.

Carnegie family and found work as a riding master in New York, and the next thing that happened was the marriage. Whether it happened was the marriage. Whether it was an elopement or just how it was brought off, no one is telling. It is known only that the couple came to New York and were that the couple came to New York and were married by a Catholic priest a little more than a year ago. Miss Carnevie was an Epi-copalian and Mr. Hever a Citholic. The cider faith prevailed, as is cu-tomary in such cases, and the dispensation was obtained. Whether it was an elopement or not, none of the Carnegie family was present. Andrew Carnegie was in Europe Hever was a widower, with two children by his fir marriage.

fir t marriage. Sunday they got back on the Cedric. Mrs. Hever's two brothers and her sister, Mrs. rederick Perkins, were at the pier with the ironmaster to welcome them. Mrs. Hever's mother was not present. The family party adjourned to the Carnegie home for dinner, and now Mr. and Mrs. Hever have gone on a trip to New England. They did not visit Pittsburg.

Andrew Carnegie confirmed, yesterday morning, the report of the marriage, but was rejuctant about details.

"The public interest in this affair is ridiculous," he said. "My niece, Nancy, was married to Mr. Hever more than a year ago. They are very happy. The weedding ironmuster to welcome them. Mrs.

married to Mr. Hever more than a year igo. They are very happy. The wedding was quiet, but there wasn't any objection. none of the family was there. I was road and the rest of them didn't happen be in New York. The couple went to Europe after the marriage. It was a real love match. He's honest, sober and in-dustrious, if he is poor. I'd prefer to have my niece married to a poor but good man

than to a worthless duke.

"By the way, get that in—'worthless duke.' You see, we've got about all the rich men we need in the family. He's

My niece fell in love with him while he

was a riding master at Newport. He was employed in England before that, and he's an Irishman by birth."

Mr. Carnegie couldn't remember very much about Mr. Hever's career in England, or the name of his employer, or his Christian name. In fact, he began to shift his feet to show that the interview was closed.

feet to show that the interview was closed. "Will Mr. Hever continue in the business

of riding master?"
"How should I know?" answered Mr. Carnegie. "I've told all that the public needs to know."

A daughter of Mr. Hever's former mar-

riage has been taken out of a convent, where she was placed at her mother's death, and taken into the new household. PITTSEURO, Pa., April 19.—When Andrew arnegie, confirming the reported marriage f his niece Nancy, took occasion to say while Hevers was poor he was a sober

oral and well doing man, and that the mily would much rather have him than a orthless duke, he furnished the gossip orthiess duke, he furnished the gossip wing people of Pittsburg with a rich morsel. is taken here as a slap at Mrs. William haw, mother of the Countess of Yarmouth, here has been a Thaw-Carnegie feud since Mrs. Thaw expressed the opinion that George Lauder Carnegie was not quite good enough for her daughter Margaret. See was overruled, and the marriage went

Brooklyn's New Academy of Music. General plans for the new Academy of Music in Brooklyn have keen drawn up and submitted to the ten architects who are to engage in a competition for its construc-tion. The plans provide for a theater, suitable for grand opera and the drama, and to be used also for political assemblies and mass meetings, with a seating capacity of at large 2000, bulleton cover with of at least 2,000; a ballroom, concert hall, rooms for the Brooktyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and studios and other rooms for hire if space permits. The entire cost must be kept within \$700,000.

The Seaguers. Aboard the White Star liner Majestic, which sailed yesterday for Queenstown

and Liverpool, are: olm Barrymore, J. H. Beaumont, H. B. Billings, Commander Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army: Rider Haggard, Miss Haggard, Arthur Brentano, William Collier, Cecil Cameron, Howard Estabrook, Mr. and Mrs. John Bushby, William Cillette, A. R. Mans-field, Cyril Hasketh-Williams, Forbes Rob-tison, Prof. J. Cossai Ewart and Robert Loc Killian

ing by the French liner La Savoie, off

Prof. and Mrs. Robert. Herrick, Mr. and S. F. S. Grand d'Hauteville, Marquis de aonis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Langeler, Dr. arles G. Chaddock, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Imer. Chandler Hobbins, Count Sala of French Embassy at Washington, Mr. IMrs. Eward G. Velth, John Wanamaker Mrs. Waddington.

the Hamburg-American gers by the Hamburg-American oltke, which sails to-day for Cher-

ourg, Plymouth and Hamburg:
Mr and Mrs. Charles G. Livingston, Mrs.
W. Goldard, Mrs. John D. Hewlett, Dr.
K. Hill, Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Witherspoon,
and Mrs. Bert Roese, Mr. and Mrs.
W. Peckham, Dr. and Mrs. S. McC. Hamil,
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin N. Disbrow and Mrs.
Gohn Clapp.

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Makes bread in an hourno standing over night.

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LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"Goggles for dogs?" echoed the dealer in motoring supplies. "Yes, we keep them and sell quite a few, but generally they are made to order. You see, there is such a difference in the shapes of dog noses. Some are very broad and flat, and others are sharp and pointed. The woman who goes in heavily for motoring, record breaking runs and long trips is seldom a buyer of goggles for her dog. But the woman who puts her dog ahead of the sport, who rides in an elegatic lendar it between rides in an electric landau in leisurely fashion through the Park or on the Driva, is the one who insists upon her lap dog wearing goggles. It is a fad, nothing else."

The janitor, being loyal to the owner, and turned off the heat with the first hint of warmer weather, and the guests from the country, who were visiting in the studio apartment, missed their airtight stoves. "Do build a fire in the grate," said the hostes, who paints menus and plate cards. to the host, who paints scenery for a Broad-

ay manager. The man disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, but soon stuck his head in the parlor door. "There's lots of coal, but

no kindling."

"Oh," answered his wife vaguely, "just dig around and you'll find something that will do." dug" for a few minutes and returned with the necessary supplies for a crackling fire. His thrifty country aunt exclaimed in horror: "Melvin, what are those kind-

"Oh, I just chopped up the clothespins."
His aunt gasped, but his wife, gazing at
him with admiration, exclaimed: "Isn't
he the most resourceful man!"

A group of boys stood on the northeast rner of Amsterdam avenue and Ninetyseventh street yesterday afternoon and scanned each approaching car. Between them they carried a piece of clothes line to which were attached eleven cans of different sizes, six heer bottles, empty; two whiskey bottles, ditto; a pair and a half of old shoes, a worn out silk hat and a cilapicated coal scuttle. Whenever a car slowed up the boys became especially alert and moved a bit, but time and the again they fell back but time and time again they fell tack the leader would say: "Aw! Nothin'

At last a car, apparently like all the rest. indle and the car dragged the junk after rattledy-tang up the avenue, while the over yelled in joy and derision.
"De motorman has to stop and de conduct to be in-ide. See? Den we heaves

has to be inside. See? de junk," said the leader. At a well known uptown restaurant which

prides itself on its Bohemian glass a very proper young man and young woman supped elaborately one night this week. The proper young man merely glanced at the total of the bill when it was brought, and was about to pay when his eye was caught by a charge of \$4 for the last item. As the last thing had been coffee, the young man asked the waiter to explain.

"That," said the waiter in what seemed an abnormally clear and carrying tone of voice, "is for the glass the lady has in her muff."

The young woman blushed giggled and

The young woman blushed, giggled and, drawing out the glass, said she was only trying to see if she could do it without trying to see if she could do it without being seen and then return it, and wasn't it funny and how clever these waiters are, aren't they? The young man said it was very funny and insisted on her keeping the glass and letting the item stand. She refused, while the waiter remained entirely self-mossessed.

The stranger in town who brought along his luncheon had certainly chos n a pleasant place to enjoy the midday snack. It was near the centre of the Brooklyn Bridge, the flat op of an iron span serving as a table for he luncheon box, and as the sightseer nunched on a sandwich he gazed in a restful and appreciative way on the river and ful and appreciative way on the river and harbor view. A more common springtime sight on the b idge promenade is the home-ward bound string of Italian laborers in the evening, each carrying a shoulder load of firewood gleaned in Brooklyn in the interals of the day's work.

"Democracy," said the little Englishwoman, "has always meant to me something excessively unpleasant, but since I have been in New York I realize that it represents merely the kindliest, most personal intercourse between all sorts and conditions of men. Let me tell you of

and conditions of men. Let me tell you of
the experience I had the other day.
"A friend and I were standing at the intersection of Broadway and Sixth avenue.
Both of us are small, and both very dependent upon the assistance of men. so
that when the mammoth policeman who
patrois that place came to take us over
he must have noticed the confiding way
in which we put ourselves under his protection, for he looked down at us as we walked
three abreast—the wagons and cars stopping
at his uplifted hand—and in a quiet voice
said:

id: "We ain't af aid of them wagons, not when the three of us is together."
"Then as he landed us safely on the other e, he added kindly: "But alone I'd 'a' been afraid, though."

THE OLIVE MEAD QUARTET. The Women Chamber Music Players Con-

tinue to Make Good Progress. The Olive Mead Quartet gave its final concert last night in Mendelssohn Hall. The program was, to say the least, original in its arrangement. The first number was Beethoven's great quartet in A major, p is 132, one of the master's last works in this form; Richard Strauss's sonata for violin and plano, cpus 18, one of this composer's earlier and simpler works, and

poser's earlier and simpler works, and Dittersdorf's naive quartet in Eflat major. The pianist was Arthur Whiting.

The emotional schedule of this program was a diminuendo. The Beethoven quartet is one of the loftiest conceptions in all chamber music, and its slow movement is one of the few movements by Beethoven bearing a descriptive title—"Song of thanksgiving in the Lydian mode offered to the Deity by one cured of sickness."

Prayer or thanksgiving—it was all one to Beethoven. In such music he came nearer to making purely instrumental composition voice the rewence and adoration of man for his maker than any other has done. It was in this movement that Miss Mead and the other three women who form this praise worthy chamber music organization fell furthest from their own ideals.

Ideals.

Their playing as yet lacks the nobility of tone, the finish of style and the elevation necessary to an adequate performance of such music. But in the other three movements they acquitted themselves with high credit. There were beauty of manner, justice of intonation and intelligence in

justice of intonation and intelligence in the reading.

To come before the public with a string quartet of women was an experiment, but it has proved to be a successful one. These players are decidedly in earnest and they have made much progress. They have reached now a point at which their ensemble is good, but it is still deficient. It is still a matter of regret that the 'cellist has not the requisite beauty of tone or resourcefulness of technique.

"THE FREEDOM OF SUZANNE."

MARIE TEMPEST WELCOMED ON FLYING TRIP FROM LONDON.

A Clever Adaptation to English Life of the Old "Divorcens" Theme-Miss Tempest, Consummate Comedienne of Grotesque, Drops Into Sentimentality.

Whether Marie Tempest would be able to repeat the success of her "Marriage of Kitty" in "The Freedom of Suzanne" may be questioned-and that is one reason, perhaps, why Charles Frohman sent her and her company over from London on a snapper to the end of a rather slow s ason there is no doubt that the venture is a happy inspiration. It was in the first act only that Miss Tempest was at her best. After that, play and performance hit the trail of the obvious. But as attractions go these days, the piece on view at the Empire may be reckoned a magnet. Even at the end of a somewhat arid third act the audience was in unmistakable good humor.

In a note on the programme Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox "acknowledges his indebtedness for certain passages in the play to a novel by the Comtesse De Martel." With far greater propriety, both authors might have acknowledged a debt to a long list French plays, including Meilhac and alevy's "La Petite Marquise" and Sardou's

Divorcons."
The freedom which Suganne seeks is dirorce from a somewhat dull and lethargic nusband, who, with the sid of his dragon of

husband, who, with the aid of his dragon of a mother, seeks to reduce the arabesques of her sprightly conduct to the dull good form of British propriety. Having secured her decree (on technical grounds), she finds that (as usual in such plays) her last state is worse than her first.

The opening act shows her chafing at matrimony and the means by which she escapes/from it; the second her discomfiture and her repentant wooing of her sometine hust and; the third how she invades his bachelor flat and after a last flare of her lawless spirit, acknowledges him her master.

The play opens in Suzanne's drawing room at midnight, with Suzanne absent on the loose and her husband's family assembled to witness her disgraced homecoming. When she enters she is all vivacity and When she enters she is all vivacity and

ckless charm. Her irate mother-in-law's questions as to her conduct she answers with bubbling and audacious humor. Nothing would please her better, she savs, than to be cut off on legal grounds. Her long recital of the evening's adventures is brilliant and sustained, both in the writing and the

With a wit that spares no one and an exuberant vivacity that seems to have no limit, she passes from adventure to adventure, always advancing to the verge of compromising scandal, and always stopping short of the final tumble. Though bent on divorce, she has a frugal virtue that stays by her to the end.

It is many a day since the local stage has seen a passage of such accurate technique and irresistible comic spirits. Those familiar with the modern French stage commiliar with the modern French stage compared Miss Tempest to Jeanne Garnier.

A more familiar comparison is with Réjane in her lighter and more grotesque moments. She plays more for points than the great French comeclience and less for the even integrity of the character; but her fun is no less infectious for that. Her grimace is wonderfully varied and pungent, and her voice pipes and toots and gurgles with irresistible drollery.

Having failed in her night's errantry-

gent, and her voice pipes and toots and gurgles with irresistible droilery.
Having failed in her night's errantry-she resorts to a device to convict her husband of cruelty. He sees through the trick, but, his patience at an end, boldly takes advantage of it. Grasping Susanne by the shoulders, he shakes her until her hat tosses like a ship in a typhoon, and her back hair tumbles. Then he flings out, leaving her with her freedom and the odd tonslings.

As the husband, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who makes his first appearance here, evinces manly restraint and telling self-command, with no little humor; but he is hampered by a lack of consistency in the writing of the part.

That Susanne should have revolted from so good a fellow as he is in the main, is

so good a fellow as he is in the main, is far from comprehensible; and his final assertion of the masculine determination to rule a wife—which seems to have the full approval of the author—is a rather obvious playing to playhouse prejudices. With such a woman as Suzanne, Petruchio, one

such a woman as Suzanne, Petruchio, one feels, would have made a fist of it.

It is perhaps true that women love to be subjugated, but it will be a long day before women of this very modern type will submit to being told that they are subjugated. Here again the spirit of comedy sinks into conventional tathos.

The second act, in a seaside hotel, reveals the divorce pursued and humiliated by her lovers, and viewing the simple manhood of her erstwhile spouse with increashood of her erstwhile spouse with increas-ing regret. Jealousy for another woman completes her resubjugation. The hus-band plays his hand well, knowing that

in her present mood, she will make a stern chase the shortest chase. When he leaves her as she thinks for her new rival, she is reduced to a pulp of repentance.

The fun of the act is less original and less sustained, and in her final overthrow Miss Tempest sinks into a mush of British sentimentality, weeping large and bitter tears. Emotional drama is not her metier. It would be hard to say why, but one could at help feeling that the authors of her pilch.

would be hard to sav why, but one could not help feeling that the pathos of her plight would have been more convincing if, eschewing the lacurymose, she had kept to the plain path of pure comedy.

The final moment, in which she tucks up the skirts of her best teagown beneath an automobile coat, snatched from one of her lovers, and sets out after her husband. her lovers, and sets out after her husband (a Shawlike superman of primitive womanhood), would have been irresistibly grotesque—if the moment just preceding had not been so obviously out of the picture. By this time the story is told. It only remains to show the reunion of the pair in the husband's flat, and though the game has plenty of fun in it the effect is disjointed and scrappy—an undeniable anticlimax. The English company was capable, but far from extraordinary. Charles Sugden

far from extraordinary. Charles Sugden played a rather conventional old rake with tact and humor. G. S. Titheradge, as a family colicitor, had a few good moment. The other paris were negative, and nega-

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss Helen Pitkin, the author of "An Angel by Brevet," which is having a lively demand throughout the South, lives in an old, picturesque mansion in the French quarter of New Orleans with her grandmother, surrounded by trophies of travel Bronzes, fliniatures, Bric-a-Brac. and treasures which are artistic in form or significant in historical association Miss Pitkin is known throughout the South both as a writer and as a philanthropic worker.

"Diplomatic Mysteries" gives the "inside stories" of some of the great events in European history, the secrets of intrigue and diplomatic manœuvre by which kings have been made to understand how subjects feel under orders and the political map of Europe has been changed. The book is written by Vance Thompson, who has lived for many years in foreign capitals. The headings of the chapter show the trend of the matter: "How the Sultan of Turkey knows what is going on all over Europe, The real Tolstoi-the only free man in Russia": "The story of an American girl's



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Things to Remember "Not what I eat, but what I

igest, makes me strong. Not what I earn, but what I save, makes me rich. Not what I read, but what I

remember, makes me learned. Not what I profess, but what I ractice, that makes me good."

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romance with a Crown Prince and what

came of it. Edward D wien's life of Montaigne recently published, is the first volume of a series of compact lives of great French writers, prepared by the most eminent French and English scholars of the day Mr. Alexander Jessup, Jr., will be in general charge of the series and Mr. Dowden's Mortaigne will be followed by a life of Balzac written by M. Brunetiere, president of the French Academy

Mr. S. M. Zwemer, author of "Arabia. the Cradle of Islam," who has Meen an active and prominent missionary in Arabia for the last ff een years, has returned to America a year's furlough. He anticipates that Arabian affairs will furnish interesting Lterature in the near future, for revolting Arabs have captured the city of Sanaa, and England, under the policy of Lord Curzon. ems to be preparing for some sort of a protectorate. Mr. Zwemer's book has had he distinction of being about the only one its field and his publishers are preparing econd edition, in which the author has made many alterations and improvements. as it will probably remain the chief source of information for some time, as Arabia does not tempt travellers at any time, nor will i be a tourists' paradise in its present un ettled

The author of "The Club of Queer Trades" accepts the "interview," the bugbear of so many authors, in a very tolerant and refreshing spirit. Mr. Chesterton considers the interview as very typical of our time and welcomes the inquisitor cordially.

"What on earth can be more natural than more natural than going to see a man, asking him what he thinks and then telling other people? It is much simpler than writing books or making speeches in Parliament. The only thing one asks is that it shall be done well, just as we ask it in a farce or a melodrama or a music hall song. The only way to get these done well is to respect them. And the same with the

Few people arriving at Charing Cross station in London in the confusion of cabs and porters and luggage ever notice the Cross or remember that it commemorates a true romance of kingly and queenly love that of Edward I. and his wife. Eleanor of Castile. Thomas A. Janvier, writing in Harpers for May reminds us that this cross in the crowded thoroughfare stands on the spot where the King ordered a cross to be raised as he did at every place along the way where the funeral procession bearing the fever wasted body of his wife halted for a rest. He also describes other crosses erected by King Edward I. to the gentle Eleanor's memory.

The new volume of stories by Mr. Guy Boothby which was published just before his death and may prove to be his last work is entitled "A Crime of the Under Seas." The first story, which gives the title to the book, describes the tracking of a black pearl which went down in a wreck off the New Guinea Const on its way to its British purchasers. The man who tells the story is the diver employed to search the sunker ship. The other tales are stories of Australian life, with whose conditions Mr. Boothby was clessly familiar, and are good examples of what was test in the author's work.

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VOTING FOR NATIONAL OFFICERS CONCLUDED.

The Result Will Not Be Anneunced Until To-day-Fyery Mention of the Name of Mrs. McLean, Candidate for President-General, Greeted With Applause.

WASHINGTON, April 19.-The D. A.R. Congress got down to work this morning as though it ie illy intended to do something. When the minutes had been read and approved after a wrangle, the Chair announced that further nominations for national officers were in order. The nominating speeches were all short and to the point.

There are three candidates for the office of President-General to succeed Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks, wife of the Vice-President. They are Mrs. Donald McLean of New York, Mrs. Lippitt of Rhode Island and Mrs. Sternberg, wife of the former Surgeon-General of the army, each and every one of them claiming the election through her campaign managers. The managers for Mrs. McLean have been the

ost aggressive.
The claim made by the McLean faction does not appear to be without foundation, if the applause which greets every mention of her name is to be taken as a criterion. This applause to-day was vigorous, enthusiastic and prolonged, so much so that Mrs. Fairbanks rapped for order many minutes in vain. The President General minutes in vain. The President-General has been a bitter opponent of Mrs. McLean for years, a fact well known throughout the Congress. When she had succeeded in calming the throng, Mrs. Fairbanks, shaking her gavel at the several galleries, said sharply: "The chair wants our friends in the galleries to withhold their applause until we want it. When it is wanted we will let them know."

An instant later a hiss was heard in the An instant later a hiss was heard in the north gallery, which, gathering volume as it went, encircled the big building and was even joined in by some of the delegates on the floor.

the afternoon session of the congress passed off with few incidents. Members attended strictly to buisness and the vote was taken for the national officers placed in nomination this morning and lest night. The vote is being counted to-night and will not be appropried until to-morrow morning. Before proceeding to the vote this afternoon the officer for which there were no Before proceeding to the vote this afternoon, the offices for which there were no
contests were filled. Mrs. Teunis S. Hamlin was elected as chaplain-general; Mrs.
Charlotte E. Mein, vice-president-general
in charge of the organization of chapters;
Mrs. M. E. S. Davis as treasurer-general;
Mrs. Jonathan P. Dolilver, historian-general;
Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, as assistant
historian-general, and Miss Aline Solomons,
as librarian-general.

A pretty tribute to the retiring presidentgeneral was paid her by electing her by

A pretty tribute to the retiring president-general was paid her by electing her by acclamation and amid much enthusiasm as an honorary vice-president-general, which untied for a few moments the op-posing forces and the friction which has from time to time been so pronounced. Mrs. Fairbanks accepted the honor and

The better part of two hours was consumed by the delegation depositing their votes in the ballot box. Mrs. Fairbanks left the hall when this began, and Mrs. Julius Estey of Vermont presided over the congress for the remainder of the session.

A lively fight ensued over the motion to A lively fight ensued over the motion to e a recess until to-morrow morning at clock, but it was finally carried and there was no evening session

News of Plays and Players.

Kitty Cheatham is rehearsing the part of Grace Harkaway at the Knickerbocker Theater, having been secured to succeed Ida Conquest in the "London Assurance" cast. Miss Cheatham's first appearance in the part will be on Monday evening, when "London Assurance" removes to the Herald Square Theater.

Manager Walter N. Lawrence has offered the Madison Square Theater for the benefit performance of Henrik Ibsen's drama "The Master Builder," on Thursday afternoon, May 4. The proceeds are to be given "What on earth can be more natural than interviewing?" he says. "What can be more natural than going to see a man, and more natural than going to see a man, and a more natural than going to see a man, and a more natural than going to see a man, and a more natural than going to see a man, and a more natural than to the Mrs. Gilbert monument fund. Ty-

play the leading female rôle.

Miss Katherine Johnson will give a recital of "Mid-ummer Night's Dream" in the Aster Gallery of the Waldorf-Asteria on Friday evening, April 18. She will be assisted by Miss Emma Banks.

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To night Solf, as the Baron Chevrial I A PARISIAN ROMANCE; FH. DR JEKYL AND MR. HYDE; Sat. Mat., THE MERCHAN DE VENICE: Sat. Night, EEAU BRUMMEL, Nat.WK-OTIS SKINNER in The Harvester. HURTIGE SEAMON'S WEST

Henry Lee, Josephine Sabel, Elsie Janis, Next Week - EDNA WALLACE HOPPER. MAJESTIC EV. 813. MAL KELLAR Victor Herbert's Orchestra. WEST END Rose Melville, "SIS HOPKINS."

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Gav. Morning Glories.
Sast 14th St. | SUNDAY-Aft AEV CONCERTS HE GOTHAM LADIES' MAT. 10-DAY: 125th & 3d av. | SUNDAY-Aft. k.Ev. Concerts BROADWAY THEATRE, HWAY & 41st st.

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42d St. & Heavy.
Ev. 25, 50, 75, 1.00.
Mat. Daily, 25, 50c. Littlefield, Patrice, Etc. LEW FIELDS' Eve. 8 15. Mat. Sat. Last 2 Was

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